

The Neonate: Profiles.

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Just the characters here, nothing William Shakespeare, still trying to get the damn introductory chapter finished.

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1 - Seifer Xenez Profile

Name: Seifer Xenez.

Species: Human (gifted)

Date Of Birth: 26/03/1984.

Height: 6' 5".

Weight: 15st.

Ethnicity: Caucasian.

Hair: Blonde. (short)

Eyes: Blue.

Nationality: English/British.

Family/Relations: N/A.

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Personal History:-

= Seifer Xenez was abandoned only a few days after his birth, left to die in London's spring showers of 1984. However, he was found and admitted to hospital, his skin turning blue from the cold, his breathing strained and shallow. The only identification was a tag tied to his arm, with his name and date of birth written upon it, as if he were nothing but an unwanted parcel. The Xenez name was put through all available checks but nothing was found. After his recovery he was handed to foster carers and looked after until he was 5 years of age. He aged into a quiet child, not playful or mischievous as is natural for a young boy. He treated his foster parents as strangers, as if he knew the truth from which he was shielded.

= He began to show disturbing behavioural patterns, being cruel to the family pets, an unnatural fascination with fire, a disregard for the people who had nurtured him and an intense aggression toward the other children the couple had fostered.

= Unable to cope with his frightening behaviour Seifer's foster parents handed him over to social services and he was placed in the first of many children's homes. Despite the efforts of numerous social workers in numerous homes Seifer's behaviour continued to worsen, now, instead of being quite, he became rude, instead of being withdrawn he became aggressive, he became violent, his fists doing the majority of his talking while his mouth concentrated on expletives and insults.

= At thirteen Seifer became involved with various local gangs. Within a year he had racked up numerous criminal offences, a majority of them being violent or anti-social. Being a born fighter, Seifer taught himself various fighting styles and techniques, and became fascinated with swords, his favourite weapons being a pair of stolen tanto, for their practicality and the fact they could be easily hidden - he was rumoured to never go out without them hidden beneath his jacket. Brutal and vicious, he feared little to nothing. He had no mercy for his enemies and was infamous for the way he dealt with them.

= However, one night, not long before his eighteenth birthday, Seifer met someone - or something - that easily managed to match him blow for blow.

= On the night of March 17th, Seifer went to the small shop down the street for a packet of cigarettes, as he returned, the spring showers soaking him through, he noticed someone acting suspiciously in an alleyway near his small flat. Thinking it may be a rival gang member he confronted them, but there was something particularly strange about this person. All his life Seifer had had a strange ability, a gift, he was capable of delving into people's souls. Though he was only capable of sensing emotions and intentions in people his ability was vital to him, he would be constantly reading the souls of those in the vicinity around him, watching carefully for deceit, betrayal, and ill will. However, Seifer was unable to sense anything from the stranger, as if he had no soul at all.

= In the ensuing fight things only got stranger for the young delinquent. Whoever - or whatever - he was fighting looked human, but his strength and his speed were most definitely not. Seifer endured a savage beating, landing the occasional hit, avoiding the occasional attack, but unable to gain the upper-hand. When the stranger tried to bite him a wave of panic washed over Seifer and he drew one of the tanto hidden beneath his jacket. His eyes closed, his teeth bared, he blindly swung the blade at the stranger. When he opened his eyes he saw no-one, the only trace of the stranger was his clothes, there was no blood, no other sign that someone else had been there. He would have dismissed it as his tired mind playing tricks on him, and he tried, but his injuries told him otherwise. He couldn't understand, he stood, in the pounding rain, the cold wind whistling past his freezing ears, desperately trying to figure out what had happened. He'd felt the impact of the tanto hitting the stranger. None of it made sense. That night, Seifer Xenez disappeared, and was not seen or heard from again. He'd taken all of what little money he had to his name and left.

= Seifer travelled through Europe, keeping himself to himself, always keeping his English accent hidden behind others, primarily Eastern European. He never spent long in one location, always slipping from place to place, city to city, country to country, picking up the odd tidbit of information from the safe-houses he sometimes slept in, or the seedy bars he spent his time in to try and avoid the dark creatures he so feared.

= As he travelled he trained, honing his skills, growing ever stronger, ever faster, ever more nimble, for the day he would clash with another vampire. Along with his melee training he became an expert at moving unseen and unheard, even through Europe's brightly lit and ever living cities, particularly across the rooftops. Growing bored with Europe Seifer decided to head to America, to get there he approached a mafia boss named Lous DeMarco. To get to America Seifer had to work for DeMarco for several months, stealing diamonds from high class jewellery stores, assisting with minor bank jobs, debt collection and the like. When the period was up DeMarco informed Seifer that he would be extending his work period. Enraged, Seifer met with DeMarco's son Franco and slaughtered both him and his bodyguard. Removing Franco's head Seifer silently broke into the DeMarco family mansion and left Franco's head between those of

his sleeping parents.

= In the same night Seifer pawned the jewellery he'd pilfered from Franco's body, using the money to pay for a fake passport and a cheap flight to Detroit, Michigan. Within days he was in the United States, but still he couldn't rest easy. With hitmen hot on his tail Seifer had to continue with his wandering ways, not because he was afraid of them, but because the decapitated corpses of the hitmen created police investigations.

= In freight carriages and stolen cars Seifer travelled across the states, spending maybe a few days, a week at most, in each location, surviving through petty crime until a clash with another hitman meant he had to keep moving.

= His avoidance of the law bought him to New Orleans. In the alleyways of the Crescent city Seifer met two strange figures, Prometheus Bloodrage and the inhumanly elegant Kirin Valgrea.

2 - Kirin Valgrea Profile

Name: Kirin Reannah Valgrea.

Species: Siren.

Date Of Birth: 03/06/1983.

Height: 4' 9".

Weight: N/A.

Ethnicity: Caucasian.

Hair: Red. (long)

Eyes: Silver.

Nationality: American.

Family/Relations: Brenden Valgrea - Father. (deceased)

Taliah Valgrea - Mother. (deceased)

Prometheus Bloodrage - Lover. (undead)

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Personal History:-

= She was born in New York, NY, in the year 1983, and christened, Kirin Reannah Valgrea, by her parents; Taliah and Brenden Valgrea. Up until 1987, her life was mostly average and run of the mill. Or at least she thought it was. It was spent traveling the world with her mother and father, whom were world renowned cryptologists. One beautiful New York spring, the young Kirin's world as she knew it crumbled. Having returned to the spacious brownstone, overlooking central park on the upper west side, for a much needed respite from traveling, the family settled in for the summer. Two days after their arrival home, Kirin and her parents were out for an evening stroll. In Central Park, it was just at dusk, and all was right with the world. Until, her mother Taliah, noting an unsavory looking character, leaned down and hissed frantically into Kirin's ear to be still and silent no matter what, and then shoved her into some nearby bushes. The memory, still raw, this is what she sees when she closes her eyes in those rare moments when she allows it to come flooding back in vivid living color.

- Through the firey leaves that glittered in her visions path, in the wanning evening sun. The scene played out like a bad dream, one that is in fact a constant for her. The filthy man, approached her parents in a crouch, the gleaming blade in his hand glinting in the feeble sun light like a thing alive. He snarled out to them to empty their pockets and remove all jewelry, ordering them to lay prone on the ground. Brenden, her father, being the valiant modern day knight that he was, posed opposition, and lunged at the man. The events spiraled into a hellish reality that is now Kirin's. Having watched her father slit from throat to belly, her mother's stern admonition to remain silent and still. She could do naught, but watch helplessly a scream locked in her throat as her mother was brutally raped and stabbed repeatedly. The number she heard mentioned later in the mindnumbing myasma of events that followed later with all the what seemed like millions of policemen, and nice ladies all arguing of what to do with the child, was 63 times. She could have told them that without any preliminary reports, she had watched and counted each time her mother was impaled upon the wicked looking blade. Young Kirin's life became one of constant fear, and ever present pain-

= After the event of her parents brutal slaughter in the park, Kirin became a ward of the system. With her parents identities, stripped from them, so too was her own. Having no real family, and no permanent station in life, she became a drifter, bounced from pillar to post, one orphanage after another, like a discarded rag doll. She was finally settled into one of the oldest, and most seedy orphanages in the state. That is where she ended up at the tender age of six years old. Her

desire to please, and obedient nature, quickly gained her the favor of the proprietor, and all that came with it. She was the fetching girl, the cook, the maid. Anything this woman wanted, Kirin was expected to make happen. She spent her life dodging the maintenance guy's advances. Always on edge, never really sleeping much.

= She was a nervous timid creature, trying to blend into the scenery around her. As the years passed she became more adept at saying yes ma'am and no ma'am and staying out of the maintenance man's sights. One day in her 17th year, just before her 18th birthday and her freedom was gained. Her luck ran out, and she came face to face with Arnie. His advance this time was much more persistent, as if he knew his time to force her was coming to an end. She struggled and fought him for all her 5 foot frame was worth, the stench of bourbon coming from him enough to churn her stomach. She was forced to kill him. Leaving him for dead, she raced to her room and threw everything she owned into a plastic bag. Grabbing the old guitar she'd salvaged from the trash she exited that chapter in her life, with the taste of fear heavy in the back of her throat. Fleeing the city, she found herself living on the streets. And that is how she managed to come to Tokyo. She was kidnapped with the intention of being sold into slavery on the black market, for her frail beauty, and innocence was irresistible to her kidnappers, seeing dollar signs when they looked at her, knowing that she would bring a pretty penny. She resisted of course, which only got her beaten beyond recognition, and tossed out for dead.

3 - Jordi DeMarco Profile

Name: Jordi DeMarco.

Species: Human (gifted)

Date Of Birth: 30/03/1986.

Height: 5' 3".

Weight: N/A.

Ethnicity: Caucasian.

Hair: Blonde. (Long)

Eyes: Violet.

Nationality: Italian.

Family/Relations: Lous DeMarco - Father.

Juanita DeMarco - Mother.

Franco DeMarco - Eldest Brother. (Deceased)

Aloss DeMarco - Eldest Sister.

Jan Paul DeMarco - Older Brother.

Gerome DeMarco - Older Brother.

Lynette DeMarco - Older Sister.

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Personal History: -

= Born in Parlermo, Italy, in 1986, Jordi DeMarco grew up in a life of wealth and luxury, provided by the criminal activities of her father Lous. Being the youngest of six children she was often picked on by her older siblings and raised mostly by nurses and nannies, her father more wrapped up in managing his criminal empire, her mother more concerned with fashion and spending.

= From the age of five she was provided with only the very best education, leaving her with little time for play, even at her tender age. Being naturally bright, Jordi learned well, being fluent in Latin, English, French and German, as well as her native Italian, by the age of seven and capable of figuring out mathematical problems faster than many children twice her age, though her parents still took little interest and most of her older siblings still picked on her.

= Still aged only seven years old, Jordi discovered she had a strange ability. During one of the few chances she had to play, to be a normal child, one of her brothers, Gerome, stole her favourite doll. No matter how she cried or how she pleaded he refused to give it back to her. He ran around the poor girl's playroom, taunting her, until he came to a stop at the open window. Holding the beloved toy out of the window he threatened to throw it. Fearing the china face of her favourite toy would be shattered and, thusly, losing her only real friend she screamed at the top of her lungs, her eyes clamped shut, her hands balled into tiny fists, her rage and fear activating a sleeping gift within her and sending her toy chest, which normally would take at least two men to lift, flying across the room and crashing down upon her tormenting brother.

= After discovering her ability Jordi became somewhat of an outcast within her own family. The only person who still treated her as a sister was Franco, her beloved eldest brother. He stood up for her and showed her brotherly love and affection. Even after he was sent to England, to attend Oxford University, when she was ten years old, he still called regularly just to speak to her.

= Only a year later, when Jordi turned eleven, she was sent to boarding school in France. She was excited, knowing she would be moving closer to the brother she missed so dearly. Again, however, her education took over and for three years she was rarely able to speak to her beloved brother.

= Jordi never finished boarding school. Her father's criminal activities caught up with her and she was abducted during a school trip to the French Alps. She put up a fight; the fear that coursed through her veins reactivated her telekinetic abilities, which had lain dormant in the years since Gerome threatened her favourite doll. Her inability to control her gift led to her failure to escape her attackers. The terrified fourteen year old was smuggled through the port at Dover, England, and forced into prostitution in London's brutal, criminal underworld. The worst thing about her abduction was that she had predicted it; she had had a nightmare several weeks before, the exact series of events playing out cruelly in her mind. For another three years she spent night after night after night being used to fulfil the sick desires of twisted criminals.

= In 2003, aged just seventeen, she was sold to an American crime boss and taken across the Atlantic. For almost a year she sold her youthful body in a brothel in New York, owned by the same man who owned her. In early 2004 she made her escape. Jordi was somewhat successful; she escaped the terror of the criminal underworld, of the illegal sex trade, but suffered dearly. As she ran through the New York streets, in little but the sluttish clothes she was forced to wear. Paying little attention to what was around her, she ran out into the road and was hit by a one of the cities famous yellow cabs.

= She survived, barely, and awoke several months later in hospital. When questioned she could only remember her first name, she also felt a great need to get away. Taking an opportunity she escaped the hospital and smuggled herself around the country. Being so young and struggling with her amnesia she was vulnerable, easy prey to the heartless and amoral. By sheer luck she came to no harm, but got nowhere, no matter how far or fast she went she still had the urge to get away.

= What fed these urges were her dreams. She dreamed constantly of being chased by a tall man,

dressed in dark clothing, a sword in his hand, always chasing her, never losing her. The dream, the nightmare, always finished as the black clad stranger caught her. She never saw what she wished to know most, never saw what the stranger would do to her, thusly she feared, feared the black clad stranger she was to meet, feared what he would do to her, and so she ran, not just because of the mysterious urge to get away, but to escape the stranger who haunted her, not knowing if she was getting away, or moving closer to him.